

# THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE.

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## THE KENTUCKY TRIBUNE

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### WIT AND HUMOR.

"VERY LIKE A WHALE"—Russia, sir, said an advocate of the Allies, after reading the Baltic news, "is like a whale floundering in its last throes, and spouting blood!"

"Yes, very like a whale," replied a gentleman present, "at any rate, she'd fair to give the Allies a devil of a swelling!"—(State of Maine.)

LM Mrs. Partington, on being asked respecting a pair of twins which she is said to have been recently blessed, replied that if such was the fact, it needn't be wondered at, for she had belonged to a very growing family, and though none of 'em had had twins, yet several of 'em had come within one of it.—Boston Post.

"SWEET POKE!"—The poets don't all live in Wisconsin. A correspondent has sent us a sublime flourish, of which the first stanza runs thus:

Old Uncle Sam! Old Uncle Sam!  
What an ass you are to be am;  
For you've been so long plumb'd 'd ridged,  
It's a wonder you ain't long ago'd ridged!

Young man you had better get down. It's dangerous to climb so high.—Lena Bayle.

Quite a joke happened to one of the doctors the other day. He ordered some very powerful medicine for a sick boy, and the father not liking the appearance of it, forced it down the child's throat, and when the doctor called again and inquired if the powder had cured the boy, the father replied:

"No, we didn't give it to him."  
"Good heavens!" exclaimed the doctor, "is the child living?"

"Yes," answered the father, "but the old cat isn't, we gave it to her."  
The doctor smiled.

A DUKER'S IDEA OF THE ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—At the railway depot in Lowell, not long since, "Look a here, Jake," said Sambo, his eyes twinkling, and his nose of shining teeth protruding like a regiment of pearls, "Look a here, Jake—what you call den art? 'What art?' rejoined Jake. "Den art I is pinton te!" "Den art is pinton," said Jake. "What?" said Sambo, scratching his head; "den are posts wid de glass?" "Yes, de same identical," returned Jake. "Ah, but you sees den are horizontal wires!" "Well, observed Jake, "den are postes supports de wires?" "Gosh! I takes you, nigger," ejaculated Sambo, clapping his side, and both setting up a loud yawn yeh. "But den de wires fer?" said Sambo, after a pause. "De wires," replied Jake, completely staggered for a moment, and at a nonplus for a reply to the philosophic curiosity of brother Sambo; but, suddenly lighting up with more than nigger fire he said, "De wires are for keep de postes up!"

Kendall, of the New Orleans Picayune, relates the following, which occurred in his presence at Baden in Germany:—

"At this juncture we were joined by an English party, when the subject matter brought under discussion was bathing."

"I take a cold sponge bath every morning, when at home," said John Bull.

"So do I," restored the Yankee.

"Winter and summer," continued the English man.

"My system exactly," responded the Yankee.

"Is your weather and water cold?" queried John Bull.

"Right chilly," continued Brother Jonathan.

"How cold?" inquired John.

"So cold that the water freezes as I pour it down my back, and rattles upon the floor in the shape of hail!" restored the Yankee, with the same cunning twinkle of the eye. "Were you in the next room to me in America," he continued, "and could hear me as I am taking my sponge bath of a cold winter's morning, you would think I was pouring dry beans down my back!"

The Englishman shrugged his shoulders as with a chill, and marvelled.

"You have no business to have business with other people's business; but mind your own business, and that is business enough for any business man."

## SELECT POETRY.

### MINE.

FOR A GERMAN AIR.

O, how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

And I drink up joy like wine;

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

For the lovely girl is mine!

She's rich, she's fair, beyond compare—

Of noble mind, serene and kind;—

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

For the lovely girl is mine!

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

In a music soft and fine;

O how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

For the dearest girl is mine!

She owns no lands, has no white hands—

Her lot is poor, her life obscure;

Yet how my heart is beating as her name I keep repeating.

For the dearest girl is mine!

From the Yankee Blade.

### I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember,

How I courted Susan Brown,

I first saw her in December,

At a party up in town.

I beamed her home that evening,

We loitered on the way.

While I tried to think of something

That was eloquent, to say.

I remember, I remember

I'd a brain new pair of trousers,

And we sat down on the door steps

Of some newly painted houses.

She spilt her best manilla!

'Twas enough to rile a saint—

And I smelt a week of turpentine

It took to kill the pain.

I remember how she loved me—

As the letters said she mailed,—

But a change came o'er her spirit.

'Twas when the people said I'd failed!

I remember quite distinctly

How she handed me my hat,

And pointed to the doorway.

Yes, I will remember that.

I remember how she altered

When the information came

That the story was a humbug.

And my prospects were the same;

She wrote another letter,

'Twas ridiculously flat,

And hinted at a promise,

But I'd quite forgotten that.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Cincinnati Times.

### 'Don't Urge Him—He's Got a Wife and Family.'

It was Saturday night. Another week of toil and anxiety had rolled away into the dark chasm of the Past. All over our city the din of labor was hushed, and the streets were crowded with people hurrying homeward, thankful that the morrow was a 'day of rest.' We dearly love Saturday night. It brings a feeling of relief, a consciousness that for one day, at least, worldly cares and responsibilities can be laid aside. It brings a feeling of deep gratitude to Providence that we are very near to the blessed Sabbath, each one of which seems like a brief truce in the battle of life.

Old that one week's duty was ended, we walked slowly down the street, passing every face men and boys, who, with their tin dinner buckets swinging lightly in their hands, thronged along the sidewalk. It was just dusk. The stores and shops were all illuminated, and as we came to the corner of Third and Vine streets, a pale, cadaverous little man was lighting the street lamp. Lamplighters are curious looking men—they have a ghastly, supernatural appearance, and as they fit silently from lamp to lamp, one might aptly moralize upon their duty. We noticed, too, that the 'coffee-houses' were thronged that evening. They do a good business on a Saturday night. Men who have been sober all the week, are wont to drink then. And facilities for getting drunk in this city are very good. We doubt whether there is a city in the whole Union of the same population that has more orbiter patronized grog-shops than ours. 'Coffee-houses' are on almost every corner, and two or three in each square. 'Coffee-houses' indeed!—You can get everything drinkable except coffee! Call them by the old-fashioned, regular title—'grog-shops'—it's more proper.

Well, then, every 'grog shop' that we passed had a crowd about its bar, and the light flashed gaily upon an array of tempting and newly filled decanters. Walking before us were three young men—foundrymen, we judged by their dress. As they came near a certain popular 'saloon,' one of them said—

"Come, boys, let's go in and 'take something!'"

"I'm in," answered the youngest of the party; "come on, Bill!"

But the man addressed as 'Bill' did not seem willing to go, though he glanced longingly towards the brilliant bar room.

"Nonsense! come along; it's Saturday night, you know," urged his friend.

"No, thank you, I won't drink to-night; I don't feel well."

"But a glass of old Bourbon will do you!"

At this instant, the man who had accepted the speaker's invitation so readily, approached him, and whispered—

"Don't urge Bill; he's got a wife and family!"

"Bill" did not hear him.

"Well," continued the tempter, "if you don't want anything, stay here until Tom and I come out!"

And into the 'saloon' they went.

We paused a few moments to notice the man who had refused to join his friends in a glass of poison. He was a youth, good-looking fellow, but one who had evidently seen many hard 'sneers' of drinking and carousing. 'Now,' he thought, 'he is trying to give up his wretched

habit and be a sober, steady, respectable man—for he's got a wife and family.'

Yes, that was the mystic chain which bound him. It was the strong spell that banished alcohol with all its terrors and its troubles from his lips. He had others to care for now, and must resist temptation. It cost him an effort—a strong one, too. There were his companions, there was the gay saloon, the flaring decanters. He heard merriment, jokes and laughter. But then came a vision of his home; of one whom he had promised to love, honor and cherish forever. Of little ones, perhaps, anxiously listening for their father's step. He dare not yield to a single glass, though his old appetite pressed him desperately. Between him and alcohol there was but one barrier, one guard—"a wife and family."

Even his companion thought of this. He must have known the appetite was strong and not easily satisfied. He must have pictured to himself the evil consequences of one indulgence. Else why did he whisper to the tempter—'Don't urge him, he's got a wife and family!'

If there is anything on earth capable of controlling man's passions, it is the feeling that helpless beings are dependent upon him. He may be reckless as he will, careless of his life even, but for those he loves, he will be prudent and self-denying. Not a day passes but we see instances of this. The young man pauses in some rash act, not for his own sake, but for his parents—for his mother's. The husband denies himself of old enjoyments because his wife and children cannot participate in them, and he shuns a deed of shame, lest disgrace rest upon their innocent heads.

What nerves a man to action, cheers him in toil, joins him in pleasure? that sheds him in his path a halo of hope, and stimulates him in every duty—that more than all else on earth constrains him to a virtuous and honorable path? It is the blessed influence of home, the smiles of loved ones—the 'wife and family.'

Young man, you acted a hero's part that night; the part of honor, manliness and love. And your companion, also, though unable to resist temptation, showed that the chords of tenderness were still uncorrupted in his breast. He had yet the feelings of a man, a sympathy for those whom his friend was bound to treat affectionately, like a husband and a father.—He had all these feelings, or he would never have whispered—'Don't urge him, he's got a wife and family.'

There is a great deal of kindness and love in this world yet.

### Getting Tight on Snow.

When the temperance 'spirit' was raging 'strong' in New Hampshire, it made a considerable stir in a small town in the northern part of the State. The select men belonged to the anti rum party, and 'no license' was their edict to the rum-sellers, and 'no rum' was the word of the sellers to the 'smugglers.' This proceeding brought on a drought—a very 'dry' 'drought,' the old smokers called; 'regular horns' 'dropped off,' and, in fact temperance in that town was universal for a season. Several red noses vanished, and *vice versa* pale faces began to assume a reddish tinge; thus, for a time, things waggled on.

However, this state of things could not for a great while be endured; it was 'an interference with the rights' of the natural-born lovers of rum and liberty in that staunch old town, and those who inwardly felt the oppressor's hand most heavily, 'talked the thing over' privately, and they all 'agreed to have some rum.' Soon after this conclusion, it was well understood, by 'the right sort,' that Mr. F——, a stock-raiser, had 'been down to Boston and got some of the critter.' The announcement of the trader's return was electric; eyes that had been dim flashed fire; and parched mouths instantly sent forth a flood of water at the thought of the good time a coming; jugs and small bottles were in great demand, and 'groceries' were 'better and cheaper' at Mr. F——'s store than at any other place. Sufferers of rheumatism limped along till they arrived at the head quarters of 'O be joyful!' horses were harnessed by those 'out of tea or tobacco, salt or molasses,' and the 'rush at the store' was tremendous. Nate was in the crowd—one of the head ones—although he was on 'Shank's mare.' In one hand he had a two-quart jug streaked with treacle, for rum, and in his pocket a pint flask, for molasses. He told his folks, however, that the jug was to be filled with 'long sugar,' but said nothing of the bottle. Suffice it to say that each vessel was filled—the larger with 'New England'—and about dusk he was on his way home, fully determined to keep the transaction shady. On arriving at the fence in front of his house, Nate felt pretty active, and although he had not swallowed a drop of his 'heart's delight,' in attempting to leap the rails slipped on the snow, hit his jug on the fence, smashed the 'brown earthen' and spilled his rum! For a moment his heart sank within him; it was Saturday night, and all his imagined fun on the next day, was then dissolving in the pure snow at his feet! Quick as lightning a thought struck him—a glorious thought—'a sober, second thought;—and Nate drew from his pocket his snodgerchief, commenced scraping up the snow on which his rum was spilled, and tied it up in a large bandanna. Hope again 'stuck out,' yet Nate was somewhat doubtful how the thing would end; he was very fearful lest the fuddle, would all evaporate before he got home, but as the experiment didn't cost him he thought he would try it at any rate. On his arrival at the house, he placed the snow in a pot and carefully covered it. Then with Hope 17, and Doubt 18, larger than he wished it, he retired.

Morning came—Sabbath morning—a solemn, worshipful look rested on the face of Nate B——; his good wife endeavored to persuade him to accompany her to church, but poor man! he was sorry that he was too unwell to do so. At the proper time his wife started; and scarcely had the door closed after her, before Nate had raised the cover from the pot before mentioned, and 'smelt the snow'—the fumes ascended in hope, and Nate's heart beat almost audibly from the conflict within, between hope and fear, as he placed the pot over the fire; the snow yielded to the heat, and the handkerchief soon dissolved itself into one pint of li-

quid. This done, Nate 'tried it,' to see if it was cooked enough for use; his strongest wishes were more than realized—he poured in some molasses, shook in a little black pepper, thus making what he called 'hot sling,' of which he put out quite freely. 'And,' said Nate, 'when telling this story, of all tight 'tights' that ever I had, that 'hot sling' gave the tightest one! I was so tight that I couldn't open my eyes for month for two days, and when my eyes did open, I was so tight that I expected every moment to see my head burst and fly all about the room!'

### Tight Times.

This chap is around again. He has been in town for a week. He may be seen on 'Change every day. He is over on the Pier, along Quay street, up Broadway, stalks up State street, looks in all the banks, and lounges in the hotels. He bores our merchants, and a s-himself cozily in lawyers' offices. He is every where.

A great disturber of the public quiet, a pestilent fellow is this same Tight Times. Every body talks about him, every body looks out for him, every body hates him, and a great many hard words and no little profane oaths are bestowed upon him. Every body would avoid him if they could, every body would hiss him from 'Change, hoot him off the Pier, chase him from Quay street, hustle him out of Broadway, kick him out of the banks, throw him out of the stores, out of the hotels, but they can't. Tight Times is a bore. A barr, he is tight. Hints are thrown away on him, abuse lavished in vain, kicks, cuffs, profanity are all thrown away on him. He is impervious to them all.

An impudent fellow is Tight Times. Every body discounts, and he looks over your shoulder, winks to the cashier, and your note is thrown out. Ask a loan of the usurers at one per cent. a month he looks over your securities, and marks two and a half. Present a bill to your debtor, Tight Times shrugs his shoulders rolls up his eyes, and you must call again. A wife asks for a fashionable brocade, a daughter for a new bonnet; he puts in his caveat, and the brocade and bonnet are postponed.

A great depreciator of stocks is Tight Times. He steps in among the brokers, and down goes Central to par, to ninety-five, ninety-eight, five. He plays the deuce with Michigan Central, Michigan Southern, with Hudson River, with New York and Erie. He goes along the railroads in process of construction, and Irishmen throw down their shovels and walk away. He puts his mark upon railroad bonds, and they find no purchasers, are hissed out of market, become obsolete, absolutely dead.

A great exploder of bubbles is Tight Times. He looks into the affairs of gold companies, and they fly to pieces; into mining companies, and they stop payment; into rickety insurance companies, and they vanish away. He walks around corner lots, draws a line across lithographic cities, and they disappear. He leaves his foot-print among mines, and the rich metal becomes dross of speculation, and they burst like a torpedo.

A hard master for the poor, a cruel enemy to the laboring masses, is Tight Times. He takes the mechanic from his bench, the laborer from his work, the peddler from his ladder. He runs up the prices of provisions and he runs down the wages of labor. He runs up the price of fuel, and he runs down the ability to purchase at any price. He makes little children hungry and cry for food, cold and cry for fire and clothing. He makes poor women sad, makes mothers weep, discourages the hearts of fathers, carries care and anxiety into families, and sits a crouching desolation in the corner and on the hearth-stones of the poor. A hard master to the people is Tight Times.

A curious fellow is Tight Times, full of idiosyncrasies and crochets. A cosmopolitan, a wanderer, too. Where he comes from nobody knows, and where he goes nobody knows. He flashes along the telegraph wires, he takes a free passage in the cars, he seizes himself in the stages, or goes along the turnpike on foot. He is a gentleman on Wall street to-day, and a back settler on the borders of civilization to-morrow.

We hear of him in London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, at Vienna, Berlin, at Constantinople, at Calcutta, in China, all over the commercial world in every great city in every rural district, every where.

There is one way to avoid being bored by this troublesome fellow, Tight Times. It is the only way for a country, a city, a town, as well as individual men to keep shut of his presence always. Let the country that would banish him beware of extravagance, of speculation, of overtrading, of embarking in visionary schemes of aggrandizement. Let it keep out of wars, avoid internal commotions, and go right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its resources. Let the city that would exclude him be economical in its expenditures, indulging in no schemes of speculation, making no improvements, building no railroads that it cannot pay for, withholding its credit from unscrupulous corporations; keeping down its taxes, and going right along, taking care of its own interests and husbanding its own resources. Let the individual man who would exclude him from his domestic circle, be industrious, frugal, keeping out of the whirlpool of politics, indulging no taste for office, holding up his dish when pudding falls from the clouds, laying something when the sun shines to make up for the dark days, for

"Some days must be dark and dreary," working on always with a heart full of confidence in the good providence of God, and cheerful in the hope of "the good time coming."

Albany Register.

One of the WITNESSES.—A sprightly little woman, named McNeil, was yesterday put upon the stand in Recorder Bloomfield's Court, as a witness for the defence in the flat-bus robbery case. It was proposed to prove an alibi in favor of McNeil by her testimony. After she had given her direct testimony, the counsellor who was conducting the prosecution, commenced to cross examine her in this wise:

Question—Madam, now will you state upon your oath whether or not you are engaged to be married to Mr. McNeil?

Witness—(Indignantly)—It's none of your business!

Question—Madam, I must have an answer—yes, or no?

Witness—(Looking daggers at the lawyer)—'No, I'm not engaged to be married to anybody, and never was. I'll get married when I please, and to anybody I please. I'm not going to be forced into it by you or anybody else. But when I do get married, I won't pick out such a weak looking puny, little impudent fellow as you, now, how!'

With a glance of withering scorn at the diminutive lawyer, she left the stand, amid the most boisterous peals of laughter from the audience, who enjoyed his discomfiture not a little.—N. O. Delta.

THE PUNCTUAL MAN.—Mr. Higgins was a very punctual man in all his transactions through life. He amassed a large property by untiring industry and punctuality; and at the age of ninety years was resting quietly upon his bed calmly waiting to be called away. He had deliberately made almost every arrangement for his decease and burial.

His pulse grew fainter, and the light of life seemed just flickering in its socket, when one of his sons observed:

"Father, you will probably live but a day or two; is it not well for you to name your be-"

"To be sure, my son," said the dying man, "it is well thought of and I will do it now."

He gave a list of six, the usual number, and sunk back exhausted upon his pillow.

A gleam of thought passed over his withered face like a ray of light and he rallied once more. "My son, read me that list. Is the name of Mr. Higgins there?"

"Then strike it off," said he emphatically for he was never punctual—was never anywhere in season—and he might detain the procession a whole hour!"—Boston Transcript.

SUPPRESSING A BEER SHOP.—An enterprising Dutchman, who kept a beer and porter house in Houston st., New York, gave the following account at the Police office, of an assault on his premises. Speaking of the person commencing the row, he said:

"He combed in and axed me to tell him some beer; I told him he had more as would do him good—he called me 'dutch liar,' and began to poke two tumblers, ven me and Hans Speigler and my wife and my tarter Petsy and all our to-"

men about my place, began to poot him out and presently he come pack mit twenty more sheest like me, and say, 'I will fix dis per concern and break him up, so dat sheestmans may git drunk like sheestmans, on sat and prandy, and not on dat Dutch punch!' Den dey kick Hans Speigler behind his pack, and kessed my tarter Petsy before her face, and break all der glass pottels, except der pig stone break-er, and spilt my wife and me and toderger's beer all over der cellar. Hans run'd out der door and called for de watch-house, and my wife cried 'murder' like der tetter, but before der watch-house come, der tam wiffies broke us all up to pieces—me and my wife and my tarter Petsy and Hans Speigler, and der pottels and tumblers, and plates and dishes, all smashed up together!"

## NEW STOCK

FOR

## FALL AND WINTER!

W. L. MOORE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

Main St., Danville, Ky.

THIS is to give notice to my old customers and all others concerned, that I have now received and opened my Fall and Winter Stock of Goods, which will be found on inspection to be by far the Largest and Best stock ever brought to this market. My supply

Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, Embraces a great variety of different styles, and all of superior quality. I have also a very select assortment of

Ready-Made Clothing,

Which I selected with great care, and with especial reference to the quality of the goods and workmanship. Also, a very superior stock of

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

Including Shirts, Underwear, Collars, Cravats, Scarfs, Hosiery, and everything else in the line. A superior lot of latest style HATS.

All of which I offer for sale on as favorable terms as the same quality of Goods can be purchased anywhere.

W. L. MOORE.

sept 15, '54

## ASSURANCE

BY THE

Etna Insurance Company,

OF HARTFORD, CONN.,

Capital and Assets in Fire Department, Near \$500,000.

As Agents of the above Company, I will A.S. issue policies of Insurance against Loss or Damage by Fire on Dwellings, Stores, Merchandise, &c., on reasonable terms. I will also issue policies of insurance in the Life Department of the Company.

A. S. McGRORTY, Ag't.

Oct 6, '54 (febl. '53) Danville, Ky.

## SAUSAGE CUTTERS!

DOZ, just received. These are the same articles formerly sold by G. A. Armstrong, and those who have used them say they will grind 100 lbs. per hour. Call and see them at

J. B. AKIN'S.











